

Music

Panther Prints

Reviews

Banco de Gaia
Maya
(Attic Records)

Wow! Cool! I am totally in love with this CD! I want to know why I haven't heard of these people before.

The music on this recording is really hard to find on PEI, and I'm really glad that it made its way into the newspaper office and into my waiting hands. It's the kind of music that you only hear at an ultra-chic dance club, or on a tour of the rave scene in a big city.

This is an oversimplification, but the tracks on this CD are made up of two basic parts. First there is an underbeat, consisting of all sorts of digital blips and bangs, which provides a trance feel to each tune. Overlaid are samples from a veritable cornucopia of sources, including everything from asian and arabic choruses to horror films and British wildlife documentaries.

This is an excellent recording. It would be a fine addition to the music collection of any alternative dance music aficionado.

(5)

--Steve Ellis

Gregory Gray
Euroflake in Silverlake

Gregory Gray says of his latest album *Euroflake in Silverlake*, "Ultimately it's just really f---ed up pop music." The ultimate question for the listener is which is the more astute description -- "f---ed up" or "pop music". In Gray's case, the two terms are interchangeable.

This overproduced and nauseatingly pop-like disc is the latest effort in Gray's decade-long career. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to have learned much. Every song is jammed with the 1980s pseudo-reggae brass lines, and Gray's own insipid lyrics and vocals are reminiscent of Feargal Sharkey. This is fine, except no one likes Feargal Sharkey. He has walked the path of the embarrassing one-hit wonder which Gray should have trod ten years ago. If you see this album, run in the opposite direction

-- Geraldine Quinn

K.C. and the Sunshine Band and
Silver Convention
Greatest Dance Hits

It's disco. It's a full hour of the most mindbendingly stupid music ever recorded. A full hour endorsing nothing but boogie, boogie, boogie. The same riffs and words, over and over again, one song blending hellishly into another, sucking one back to the age of white, sequined leisure suits and bell bottoms and mutton-chop sideburns. Be afraid.

Why does disco make so many of us want to kill and destroy and rend and maim? Is it just the clothes, or do the weird repetitive synthesized notes subliminally induce murderous frenzy?

Actually, the current techno craze is pretty much identical. Current popular techno bands like Rednex and Nikki French can be seen as the bastard children of disco, with better synthesizers and a computer to repeat the lyrics for them (thus saving them the painful wear on the vocal cords encountered by the BeeGees and the Village People).

With techno as with disco, I can say only this: kill it before it spawns again.

(1)

-- T. Drake

Femi Kuti's latest self-titled disc may be worth checking out for jazz or soul fans looking for something a little different. Those of you hoping for a second *Lion King* soundtrack should avoid this one. Using seventeen member band to produce a heady jazz influence was enough to make this listener long for disco to make a comeback

-- Lorne Caborn

D'Angelo's *Brown Sugar* -- his debut album produced, written and performed by himself would have proven to be more profitable if he had chosen to stick to the performance part. Help on tracks from Raphael Saadig of Tony!Tone!Toni! and of A Tribe Called Quest allow escape from some of the more immature lyrics but this CD should still only be purchased by the serious soul fan or someone hard-up for juicin' music.

-- Lorne Caborn

Mighty Real by various artists contains some of the more notable tracks from the best-forgotten era of disco. Much to my dismay I not only recognized many of the songs, I even liked some of them. Disfreaks and the slightly curious should check this one out, especially since the proceeds go to AIDS research. My hope is that this doesn't mark a comeback for disco, I throw out all my *Saturday Night Fever* costumes

-- Lorne Caborn

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